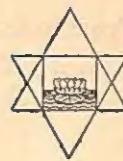




SRI AUROBINDO
LAST POEMS



✓
367
12



~~H2~~
~~3617~~

SRI AUROBINDO
LAST POEMS



SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM
PONDICHERRY



PUBLISHERS:
SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM
PONDICHERRY

First Published in August 1952

6989

All Rights Reserved

SOLE AGENTS:
SRI AUROBINDO BOOKS DISTRIBUTION AGENCY LTD.,
32 RAMPART ROW, FORT, BOMBAY I

SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM PRESS
PONDICHERRY

Printed in India

A-1022/12/51/6,000



PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The forty-eight poems included in this collection, consisting mainly of sonnets, are among the last written by the Master. He intended to give them all a final revision, but only a few were actually so done. One or two irregularities of rhyming may be noticed, but whether they were purposely meant to be like that or kept only provisionally, it is not possible to say. In several cases, where it seemed necessary, earlier versions have been drawn upon for textual collation and the fixing of dates. Where two dates are given for the same poem, the earlier refers to the date of composition and the other to that of revision.

The poems are arranged in chronological order and their facsimile reproductions given on parallel pages. There are, at places, discrepancies between the facsimile and the printed text. That is because there exist, in view of changes and corrections made from time to time, several versions of most of these poems and for the printed text the choice was determined by the one which was the most complete and seemed to be the last or final, whereas for the facsimile the needs of photography had to be taken into account, the need of selecting the most suitable one for representation.

Except for a few poems which appeared in the quarterly *Advent*, they are now published for the first time.



CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
THE DIVINE HEARING	1
THE INDWELLING UNIVERSAL	2
ELECTRON	3
THE HIDDEN PLAN	4
THE PILGRIM OF THE NIGHT	5
LIBERATION	6
THE WITNESS SPIRIT	7
THE INCONSCIENT	8
COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS	9
LIFE-UNITY	10
THE GOLDEN LIGHT	11
THE INFINITE ADVENTURE	12
THE GREATER PLAN	13
THE UNIVERSAL INCARNATION	14
THE GODHEAD	15
THE STONE GODDESS	16
KRISHNA	17
SHIVA	18
THE WORD OF THE SILENCE	19
THE SELF'S INFINITY	20
THE DUAL BEING	21
LILA	22
SURRENDER	23
THE DIVINE WORKER	24

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
THE GUEST	.. 25
THE INNER SOVEREIGN	.. 26
A DREAM OF SURREAL SCIENCE 27
BLISS OF IDENTITY 28
THE MIRACLE OF BIRTH 29
THE BODY 30
LIBERATION 31
LIGHT 32
THE ISLAND SUN 33
SELF 34
OMNIPRESENCE 35
ADWAITA 36
THE HILL-TOP TEMPLE 37
" BECAUSE THOU ART.... " 38
DIVINE SIGHT 39
THE UNSEEN INFINITE 40
DESPAIR ON THE STAIRCASE 41
DIVINE SENSE 42
MAN, THE DESPOT OF CONTRARIES 43
THE CHILDREN OF WOTAN 44
THE SILVER CALL 45
CONTRASTS 46
MAN THE THINKING ANIMAL 47
EVOLUTION 48



LAST POEMS

The Dwindle Hearing

(1)

All sounds, all voices have become Fly voices:
Music and Melody and the cry of birds,
Lips' bubble often comes and her joys,
Cadenza of home speech and numbered words,

The laughter of the sea's enormous mirth,
The winged plane hurrying through the unquench'd air,
The auto's trumpet-song of speed to earth,
The machine's reluctant done, the sun's close

Blowing upon the winged lion of Space,
A call of distance and of mystery,
Memories of sun-bright lands and ocean ways, —
All aware undertones and thunders of thee,

A sweet harmony steel strings like that heart
And all your beautiful dreams thou art —

Oct 24 1937

The Divine Hearing

ALL sounds, all voices have become Thy voice:
Music and thunder and the cry of birds,
Life's babble¹ of her sorrows and her joys,
Cadence of human speech and murmured words,

The laughter of the sea's enormous mirth,
The winged plane purring through the conquered² air,
The auto's trumpet-song of speed to earth,
The machine's reluctant drone, the siren's blare

Blowing upon the windy horn of Space
A call of distance and of mystery,
Memories of sun-bright³ lands and ocean-ways,—
All now are wonder-tones and themes of Thee.

A secret harmony steals⁴ through the blind heart
And all grows beautiful because Thou art.

24.10.1937

¹ babbling

² silent

³ sun-lit

⁴ smites

The Dwelling Unseen

I have stayed the whole world in your hands:
In the forests and Belphegor towns.
To whatever living form I turn
I see your body with another face.

All eyes that look on me are your eyes;
The one heart that beats within all breasts is mine.
The world's happiness flows through me likewise,
Its million sorrows are my agonies.

Yet all its acts are only scenes that pass
Upon my surface; still for ever still,
When I sit, timeless, intangible,
All things are shadows in my languid glass.
My soul's transience holds the cosmic wheel;
I am hid in it as in the sea a pearl.

1938. July

The Indwelling Universal

I CONTAIN the whole world in my soul's embrace:
In me Arcturus and Belphegor burn.
To whatsoever living form I turn
I see my own body with another face.

All eyes that look on me are my sole eyes;
The one heart that beats within all breasts is mine.
The world's happiness flows through me like wine,
Its million sorrows are my agonies.

Yet all its acts are only waves that pass
Upon my surface; inly for ever still,
Unborn I sit, timeless, intangible:
All things are shadows in my tranquil glass.

My vast transcendence holds the cosmic whirl;
I am hid in it as in the sea a pearl.

15.7.1938

Electron

The electron on which form and worlds are built,
Deeped into being a particle of God.

A spark from the eternal energy spilt
It is the infinite blind infinite abode.

In stat on all gleaming chorist their robes.

The One desired innumerable & be;
His oneness is invisible form he hides,
Time's tiny temples of eternity.

Atom and molecule in this unseen place
Buttress an empire of strange masses,
Crystal and plant, insect and beast and man, —
Ray awhence the World-Unity shall rise.

Widens his sub-spaces a cipher
Of the infinite mystery of infinity.

Electron

THE electron on which forms and worlds are built,
Leaped into being, a particle of God.
A spark from the eternal Energy spilt,
It is the Infinite's blind minute abode.

In that small flaming chariot Shiva rides.
The One devised innumerably to be;
His oneness in invisible forms he hides,
Time's tiny temples of¹ eternity:

Atom and molecule in their unseen plan
Buttress an edifice of strange onenesses,
Crystal and plant, insect and beast and man,—
Man on whom the World-Unity shall seize,

Widening his soul-spark to an epiphany
Of the timeless vastness of Infinity.

15.7.1938

¹ to

The Heddle Plan

How long Night has, I will not dream
To tell snailgo and the powers mesh
How all the governments in ^{our} life scheme,
The last ~~result~~ of Nature's committee.
Agate Presence in her base abode;
Fog fit profess its ~~for~~ mystery;
Over the shore and beast the golehead tanks,
The bright Reson of eternity.
It shall burst ^{up} from the limit to see by hand
A snake a witness of the present heart;
It shall reveal even in the most blind.
Nature, long reeked in each viscount port,
In fulfilling the occult magnificent plan,
The worldwide and immortal spirit is one.

26.7.38
18.21.3.44

The Hidden Plan

HOWEVER long Night's hour, I will not dream
That the small ego and the person's mask
Are all that God reveals in our life-scheme,
The last result of Nature's cosmic task.
A greater Presence in her bosom works;
Long it prepares its far epiphany:
Even in the stone and beast the godhead lurks,
A bright Persona of eternity.
It shall burst out from the limit traced by Mind
And make a witness of the prescient heart;
It shall reveal even in this inert blind
Nature, long veiled in each inconscient part,
Fulfilling the occult magnificent plan,
The world-wide and immortal spirit in man.

26.7.1938

21.3.1944

The Pilgrim of the Night

I made an assignation with the Night;
In the abyss we fixed our rendezvous;
In my breast keeping God's deathless light
I came by dark and dangerous heat & woe.
I left the glow of the illumined Steel
And the calm surface of the divinised soul
And travelled through harvests, dry and blight
To the grey shore where the ignorant waters roll.
I walk by the chill wave through the dull stone
And still the weary journeying knosses wail;
Forbids the laborious girdle beyond Time,
There comes no voice of the celestial Friends
And yet I know my footprints, to be shall be
A pathway towards Immortality.

26.7.28
48.3.44

E

The Pilgrim of the Night

I MADE an assignation with the Night;
In the abyss was fixed our rendezvous:
In my breast carrying God's deathless light
I came her dark and dangerous heart to woo.
I left the glory of the illumined Mind
And the calm rapture of the divinised soul
And travelled through a vastness dim and blind
To the grey shore where her ignorant waters roll.
I walk by the chill wave through the dull slime
And still that weary journeying knows no end;
Lost is the lustrous godhead beyond Time,
There comes no voice of the celestial Friend,
And yet I know my footprints' track shall be
A pathway towards Immortality.

26.7.1938

18.3.1944

Liberation

I have known from some throb'ring sense of mind -
And stand now in the spirit, silence free;
Timeless and deathless beyond creature kind,
The center of my own eternity.

I have coaxed and the small self is dead;
I am mortal, alone, ineffable;

I have gone out from the universe I made,
~~and~~ ^{have} gone numbers ad innumerable.

My mind is hused in sweet and endless light,
My heart a solitude of delight and peace,

My sense immersed by touch and sound and sight,
My body apart in white infinites.

I am the one Being's sole immobile Blin!
No one I am, I who am all that is.

27.7.38

22.3.44

Liberation

I HAVE thrown from me the whirling dance of mind
And stand now in the spirit's silence free;
Timeless and deathless beyond creature-kind,
The centre of my own eternity.

I have escaped and the small self is dead;
I am immortal, alone, ineffable;
I have gone out from the universe I made,
And have grown nameless and immeasurable.

My mind is hushed in a wide and endless light,
My heart a solitude of delight and peace,
My sense unsnared by touch and sound and sight,
My body a point in white infinities.

I am the one Being's sole immobile Bliss:
No one I am, I who am all that is.

27.7.1938

22.3.1944

the Water Spirit.

I dwell on the spirit, when nothing can move
And watch the actions of thy vast and before
Its mighty wings the lightning flies, for it moves
With the fine galloping of the deathless Horse
The noble stupendous Energy that who to
Hesitate and rebuke in its Onset,
Like a horse bespelt strong
With its leanness head of joy and fury open
Horses from the dim recesses deep
Uprosing through the midnight heart of men,
There broches on some height of luminous steep
The blemish and splendor of the black plow.
All the there in me, untaught and still
Answering to thy all-areas unfeble will.

4.7.28
27.3.44

The Witness Spirit

I DWELL in the spirit's calm nothing can move
And watch the actions of thy vast world-force,
Its mighty wings that through infinity move
And the Time-galloppings of the deathless Horse.

This mute stupendous Energy that whirls
The stars and nebulae in its long train,
Like a huge Serpent through my being curls¹
With its diamond hood of joy and fangs of pain.

It rises from the dim inconscient deep
Upcoiling through the minds and hearts of men,
Then touches on some height of luminous sleep
The bliss and splendour of the eternal plane.

All this I bear in me, untouched and still
Assenting to Thy all-wise inscrutable will.

27*.7.1938
21.3.1944

¹ restored from an earlier version

*26 (?)

The Innocent

Out of a seeming void and dark-winged sleep
Open innocent infinity
A dove arose ~~out of~~ ^{from} the turbulent deep,
A flame-whol of megean Energy.

Some huge somnambulist Allegorie
Deriving without thought, groans and plan
Among the burning stars' magnificence
The being bodies of bests and the brain of man.

What stark Necessity, or ordered chance
Became alive to blow the cosmic whored
What magic of numbers, what mechanic dances
Developed consciousness, assumed a soul?

~~It~~ The darkness was the omnipotent above,
Hood of consciousness, a blind mask of God.

27.7.38
21.3.44

The Inconscient

OUT of a seeming void and dark-winged sleep
Of dim inconscient infinity
A Power arose from the insentient deep,
A flame-whirl of magician Energy.

Some huge somnambulist Intelligence
Devising without thought process and plan
Arrayed the burning stars' magnificence,
The living bodies of beasts and the brain of man.

What stark Necessity or ordered Chance
Became alive to know the cosmic whole?
What magic of numbers, what mechanic dance
Developed consciousness, assumed a soul?

The darkness was the Omnipotent's abode,
Hood of omniscience, a blind mask of God.

27.7.1938
21.3.1944

Conci Conciences

I have wrapped the wide world in my own self
And Time and Space my spirit's scene are.
I am the god and demon, ghost and self,
I am the wind speeded the blazing star.
All Nature is the nursing of my care,
~~I am~~ At struggle and the stern rest;
The world's joy thrilling runs through me, I bear
The sorrow of millions in my lonely breast.
I have learned a lesson in life all,
Yet am by nothing bound but I become;
Coming in is the universe's call
I know not my imperishable home
I ~~can~~ ^{not} ~~go~~ beyond Time and life or ~~remember~~
Yet still on me with bower and bower things.

28.7.38

Cosmic Consciousness

I HAVE wrapped the wide world in my wider self
And Time and Space my spirit's seeing are.
I am the god and demon, ghost and elf,
I am the wind's speed and the blazing star.
All Nature is the nursing of my care,
I am its struggle and the eternal rest;
The world's joy thrilling runs through me, I bear
The sorrow of millions in my lonely breast.
I have learned a close identity with all,
Yet am by nothing bound that I become;
Carrying in me the universe's call
I mount to my imperishable home.
I pass beyond Time and life on measureless wings,
Yet still am one with born and unborn things.

28.7.1938¹

¹ 26.7.1938 (?)

Life-Unit

I have housed within my heart the life of things,
All hearts all over in the world I felt as mine;
I stored the joy that in creation reigns
And drink its wine like a poignant wine.

I have felt the anger in another's breast,
All poison passed through my soul with their waves,
One love I stored in another's breast expressed.
In another's breast I sleep, the beatitudes.

I spread life; burning wings of softness and pain;
Black fire and gold fire strove towards meables;
I rose higher towards a sensual plane
Of pure and love and lustless, softness
A deep spiritual calm no touch can way
Upholds the mystery of the Persian play -

8-8-38
22-3-44

Life-Unity

I HOUSED within my heart the life of things,
All hearts athrob in the world I felt as mine;
I shared the joy that in creation sings
And drank its sorrow like a poignant wine.

I have felt the anger in another's breast,
All passions poured through my world-self their waves;
One love I shared in a million bosoms expressed.
I am the beast man slays, the beast he saves.

I spread life's burning wings of rapture and pain;
Black fire and gold fire strove towards one bliss:
I rose by them towards a supernal plane
Of power and love and deathless ecstasies.

A deep spiritual calm no touch can sway
Upholds the mystery of this Passion-play.

8.8.1938

22.3.1944

The Golden Light

My golden light came down into my breast
And all grey mists of mind and thick darkness
A bright ray to wisdom's occult play,
A calm illumination and a flame

My golden light came down into my heart,
And all my speech is a raving divine,
A roarings of thee my single note,
My words credulous with the world's wise.

My golden light came down into my heart
Smiting my life with thy strength,
With it gives a temple where I stand
And all its pinnacles put towards thy

My golden light came down into my feet
They went as newly playfuled and unmet

22.3.44

The Golden Light

THY golden Light came down into my brain
And the grey worms of mind sun-touched became
A bright reply to Wisdom's occult plane,
A calm illumination and a flame.

Thy golden Light came down into my throat,
And all my speech is now a tune divine,
A paean-song of thee my single note;
My words are drunk with the Immortal's wine.

Thy golden Light came down into my heart
Smiting my life with Thy eternity;
Now has it grown a temple where Thou art
And all its passions point towards only Thee.

Thy golden Light came down into my feet
My earth is now thy playfield and thy seat.

8.8.1938

22.3.1944

Sonnets

The Infinite Adventure

On the waters of an endless infinite
My ship is launched; I have left the human shore.
All falls behind me and I see before
The unknown abyss and one pale pointing light.
An unseen hand controls my rudder. Night
Walls up the sea in a black corridor, -
An insensate hunger lies plain and near
On the ocean sleep of a dead inmate.

I feel the greatness of the Power I seek
To whom I turn; behovous on the giant decks.
Beyond, the invisible height no sail has trod.
I shall be angel in the lonely and dreary
And under its a sudden blaze of God,
The novel and mighty of the Apocalypse.

1939, September

The Infinite Adventure

ON the waters of a nameless Infinite
My skiff is launched; I have left the human shore.
All fades behind me and I see before
The unknown abyss and one pale pointing light.
An unseen Hand controls my rudder. Night
Walls up the sea in a black corridor,—
An unconscious Hunger's lion plaint and roar
Or the ocean sleep of a dead Eremite.

I feel the greatness of the Power I seek
Surround me; below me are its¹ giant deeps.
Beyond, the invisible height no soul has trod.
I shall be merged in the Lonely and Unique
And wake into a sudden blaze of God,
The marvel and rapture of the Apocalypse.

11.9.1939

¹ the

The Greater Plan

I am held as now by life's allowing my
Her joy and grief, her stem, her laughter late.
Hatched are the ages now by the fates,
And form and colour and brief ecstasy.
I would have, a significant witness solitary
The voice that speaks when mortal lips are mute;
I seek the order of things absolute
Born from the silence of Eternity.

There a red within the world of man
The shadow of the surface was now cast;
To spread mud and thin gloom and debt
Are the slow products of a costly thine,
A sketch confused of a general plan,
It projects the ephie of the Supreme.

1939, September.

The Greater Plan

I AM held no more by life's alluring cry,
Her joy and grief, her charm, her laughter's lute.
Hushed are the magic moments of the flute,
And form and colour and brief ecstasy.
I would hear, in my spirit's wideness solitary
The Voice that speaks when mortal lips are mute:
I seek the wonder of things absolute
Born from the silence of Eternity.

There is a need within the soul of man
The splendours of the surface never sate;
For life and mind and their glory and debate
Are the slow prelude of a vaster theme,
A sketch confused of a supernal plan,
A preface to the epic of the Supreme.

12.9.1939

The Unseen decoration

There is a wonder like a brooding Sun,
A Brier in the heart's eye-green from white;
The heart of a world in which all hearts are one,
A Silence on the mountains of delight;
A Calm that makes Fate upon its knees;
A wide Confession beneath a tree earth's pain;
A Virtue dwells within our weakness,
The infinite Godhead in the body of man.

Our mind is a glimmering nation of that Ray,
Our strength a parody of the heart's power,
Our joy a dream on the Eternals' way
Hunting the ^{unseen} beauty of an hour.
Our gentle hearts yielded down the ^{yellow} road of flame
To winter, the silent and tremendous Waste.

1939. September.

The Universal Incarnation

THERE is a wisdom like a brooding Sun,
A Bliss in the heart's crypt grown fiery white,
The heart of a world in which all hearts are one,
A Silence on the mountains of delight,

A Calm that cradles Fate upon its knees;
A wide Compassion leans to embrace earth's pain;
A Witness dwells within our secracies,
The incarnate Godhead in the body of man.

Our mind is a glimmering curtain of that Ray,
Our strength a parody of the Immortal's power,
Our joy a dreamer on the Eternal's way
Hunting the fugitive¹ beauty of an hour.

Only on the heart's veiled door the word of flame
Is written, the secret and tremendous Name.

12.9.1939

¹ unseizable

The Godhead

I sat behind the fence of Dango's houses
In the shooting steel that saved a futurist's when,
And suddenly felt, exceeding Napier's groan,
I ne, enveloping me the body of Olin

Above my head a mighty head was seen.
A face with the calm of immortality
And an omnipotent gaze that held the sun
In the vast circle ~~of~~ ^{of} sovereignty.

His head was mingled with the sun and grey;
He would was in the last and Heaven's;
I should in me the everlasting peace
The strength of One whose substance cannot die.

The moon's head and all was as before;
Only ^{that} deathless memory I bore

1939. September.

The Godhead

I SAT behind the dance of Danger's hooves
In the shouting street that seemed a futurist's whim,
And suddenly felt, exceeding Nature's grooves,
In me, enveloping me the body of Him.

Above my head a mighty head was seen,
A face with the calm of immortality
And an omnipotent gaze that held the scene
In the vast circle of its sovereignty.

His hair was mingled with the sun and breeze;
The world was in His heart and He was I:
I housed in me the Everlasting's peace,
The strength of One whose substance cannot die.

The moment passed and all was as before;
Only that¹ deathless memory I bore.

13.9.1939

¹ its

the Stone Goddess
in a town of gods, housed in a little shrine,
From sculptured limbs the Godhead looked at me, —
A living presence deathless and divine;
A form that behoved all infinity.

The great World-Ruler and her mighty wife
Inhabit the earth's abysmal depth;
Voiceless, omnipotent, inscrutable,
In the deep and the sky and deep.

Now veiled with mind she dwells and speaks no word,
Voiceless, inscrutable omnipotent;
Holding in her soul her sun, her moon
She wears of her strange embodiment.

One in the worshipper and the invisible shape,
A being and a mystery flesh and stone can shape.

1935. September,

The Stone Goddess

IN a town of gods, housed in a little shrine,
From sculptured limbs the Godhead looked at me,—
A living Presence deathless and divine,
A Form that harboured all infinity.

The great World-Mother and her mighty will
Inhabited the earth's abysmal sleep,
Voiceless, omnipotent, inscrutable,
Mute in the desert and the sky and deep.

Now veiled with mind she dwells and speaks no word,
Voiceless, inscrutable, omniscient,
Hiding until our soul has seen, has heard
The secret of her strange embodiment,

One in the worshipper and the immobile shape,
A beauty and mystery flesh or stone can drape.

13.9.1939

Last Poems

Knotred

At last I find a meaning of words lost
In this universe tumble and sweat,
I who have felt the heaviest of earth,
Sagging by guidance to knotred feet.

I have seen the beauty of private days,
And heard the piping of the lark's flight,
And known a deathless,Anthony's vision
And now a ghost for ever nata.

Now and now see the rain down,
Life shudders with a strange feeling;
All Nature is a circle ground down
Hoping to lordly toad, to chaf, to be.

For his own want lived the ages past;
The world now throbs fulfilled in me at last.

1939 September

Krishna

AT last I find a meaning of soul's birth
 Into this universe terrible and sweet,
I who have felt the hungry heart of earth
 Aspiring beyond heaven to Krishna's feet.

I have seen the beauty of immortal eyes,
 And heard the passion of the Lover's flute,
And known a deathless ecstasy's surprise
 And sorrow in my heart for ever mute.

Nearer and nearer now the music draws,
 Life shudders with a strange felicity;
All Nature is a wide enamoured pause
 Hoping her lord to touch, to clasp, to be.

For this one moment lived the ages past;
The world now throbs fulfilled in me at last.

15.9.1939

Last Poems

Shiva

On an whit summit of eternity
A single Soul of love infinite,
Guarded he keeps by a four screen of peace
His mystic loneliness of mind ecstasy...
But, touched by an intense delight to be,
He looks across sounding depths and sees
Young and the innocent tribes
The mighty Rotten's dark felicity.
Half now awake she rises to his glance;
How need to circulate her heart-beats will
The mystic words describe that passion-blaze.
Life spongeon her and mind is born; her face
She lifts to him she is herself until
The Spirit leaps in to the Spirit's embrace

1939 September

Shiva

ON the white summit of eternity
A single Soul of bare infinities,
Guarded he keeps by a fire-screen of peace
His mystic loneliness of nude ecstasy.
But, touched by an immense delight to be,
He looks across unending depths and sees
Musing amid the inconscient silences
The Mighty Mother's dumb felicity.

Half now awake she rises to his glance;
Then, moved to circling by her heart-beats' will,
The rhythmic worlds describe that passion-dance.
Life springs in her and Mind is born; her face
She lifts to Him who is Herself, until
The Spirit leaps into the Spirit's embrace.

16.9.1939

The Work of the Silence

A book unopened, this is now my mind,
A world of light clear and inimitable,
A volume of silence by a Godhead signed,
A greatest pure of thought, mirror of all.

One on its pages I never could write
In a simile of intellect the brightness of thine
Had cast clear messages of expansion light,
A food for souls that comes in silence.

But now I listen to a greater Word
Born for the rest unsee once cast away:
The Voice that affirms 'ever heark
Leaps unbound from an eternal glow of Day.

All turns from sadness, all unbroken peace
Is a result of joy in a sea of wide release.

1939 September.

The Word of the Silence

A BARE impersonal hush is now my mind,
A world of sight clear and inimitable,
A volume of silence by a Godhead signed,
A greatness pure of thought, virgin of will.

Once on its pages Ignorance could write
In a scribble of intellect the blind guess of Time
And cast gleam-messages of ephemeral light,
A food for souls that wander on Nature's rim.

But now I listen to a greater Word
Born from the mute unseen omniscient Ray:
The Voice that only Silence' ear has heard
Leaps missioned from an eternal glory of Day.

All turns from a wideness and unbroken peace
To a tumult of joy in a sea of wide release.

18-19.9.1939

The Self's Infinity

I have known what before time I was.

A secret touch has quieted thought and sense;
All things of the agent mind created pass
into a mind and make magnificence.

My life is a vineace grafted by timeless hands;
The world is downed in an immortal glow.

Naked my spirit from its matures stands;
I am alone with my own self for face.

My heart is a centre of infinity;
My body a dot in the soul's vast expanse.
All being's huge abyss rotten under me,
O'er-awed in a gigantic ignorance.

At noon-tide infinity pure and bare,
I stretch to a stone - everywhere.

1939 September

The Self's Infinity

I HAVE become what before Time I was.
 A secret touch has quieted thought and sense:
 All things by the agent Mind created pass
 Into a void and mute magnificence.

My life is a silence grasped by timeless hands;
 The world is drowned in an immortal gaze.
 Naked my spirit from its vestures stands;
 I am alone with my own self for space.

My heart is a centre of infinity,
 My body a dot in the soul's vast expanse.
 All being's huge abyss wakes under me,
 Once screened in a gigantic Ignorance.

A momentless immensity pure and bare,
 I stretch to an eternal everywhere.

18-19.9.1939

The Dual Being

There are two beings in my single self.
A Godhead watches Nature from behind
At play in front with a brilliant surface off
A timorous creature with a human mind.

Formless and boundless like a sea or sky,
The Godhead knows himself Eternity's son.
Radiant like an east, his heart so free;
His will is a sceptre of dominion.

The smaller self by Nature's pinions down,
Thoughtful and ever learning is her task;
All must be known and to that greater pain
Her mind and life, the mirror and the mesh.

As with the figure of a symbol dance
The screened Unseen plays at Ignorance.

1939 September



The Dual Being

THERE are two beings in my single self.
A Godhead watches Nature from behind
At play in front with a brilliant surface elf,
A time-born creature with a human mind.

Tranquil and boundless like a sea or sky,
The Godhead knows himself Eternity's son.
Radiant his mind and vast, his heart as free;
His will is a sceptre of dominion.

The smaller self by Nature's passions driven,
Thoughtful and erring learns his human task;
All must be known and to that Greatness given
This mind and life, the mirror and the mask.

As with the figure of a symbol dance
The screened Omnipotent plays at Ignorance.

19.9.1939

6989



Li

In us is the thousandfold Spirit who is one,
An atom thinks calm and vast and wise;
A sea whose age is in all-regarding sun,
A part of the cosmic mysteries.

A critic often pieces everything
And binds the fragments in his brilliant sheaf;
A bold adventurer borne on destiny's wing
Gentles with death and triumph, joy and grief.

A king of greatness and a slave of love,
Host of the stars and guest in Nature's inn;
A high spiritual spirit throned above,
A peer of person in the gene divine.

One who has made a sport the sun and seas
Visions in our being his infinite caprice.

1930, September

Lila

IN us is the thousandfold Spirit who is one,
An eternal thinker calm and great and wise,
A seer whose eye is an all-regarding sun,
A poet of the cosmic mysteries.

A critic Witness pieces everything
And binds the fragments in his brilliant sheaf;
A World-adventurer borne on Destiny's wing
Gambles with death and triumph, joy and grief.

A king of greatness and a slave of love,
Host of the stars and guest in Nature's inn,
A high spectator Spirit throned above,
A pawn of passion in the game divine,

One who has made in sport the suns and seas
Mirrors in our being his immense caprice.

20.9.1939

Surrender

O thou of whom I am the instrument,
O secret Spirit and Nature honored me,
Let all my mortal being now be bent
In thy still glory of divinity.

I have given my mind to be thy channel mind,
I have offered up my will to be thy will;
Let nothing of myself be left behind
In our union infinite and immutable.

My heart shall throb with the world-beats of thy love
My body become thy shrine for earth-ance;
In my nerves and veins thy infinite stresses shall move;
My thoughts shall be hounds of light forth thy prey to loose.
^{Keep} Love of thy soul to adore eternally
And meet thee in each form and soul of thine.

1930 September

Surrender

O THOU of whom I am the instrument,
O secret Spirit and Nature housed in me,
Let all my mortal being now be blent
In Thy still glory of divinity.

I have given my mind to be dug Thy channel mind,
I have offered up my will to be Thy will:
Let nothing of myself be left behind
In our union mystic and unutterable.

My heart shall throb with the world-beats of Thy love;
My body become Thy engine for earth-use;
In my nerves and veins Thy rapture's streams shall move;
My thoughts shall be hounds of Light for Thy power to loose.

Keep¹ only my soul to adore eternally
And meet Thee in each form and soul of Thee.

20.9.1939

¹ Leave

The Divine Worker.

I face earth's happenings with an equal smile;
In all are heard Thy steps; Thy unseen feet
Cross Destiny's pathways in my front. Life's whole
Forebodings theorem is Then complete.

No danger can perturb my spirit's calm:
Projects are thine; I do Thy works and pass;
Failure is moulded on Thy deathless arm;
Victory is Thy passage recorded on Fortune's glass.

In this wide conflict with the fate of man
Thy smile within my heart makes all my strength;
Thy force in me labours at its grandissime flax,
Indifferent to the Time-snakes crawling length.

No power can slay my soul; it lives in Thee.
Thy presence is my immortality.

1939 September.

The Divine Worker

I FACE earth's happenings with an equal soul;
In all are heard Thy steps: Thy unseen feet
Tread Destiny's pathways in my front. Life's whole
Tremendous theorem is Thou complete.

No danger can perturb my spirit's calm:
My acts are Thine; I do Thy works and pass;
Failure is cradled on Thy deathless arm,
Victory is Thy passage mirrored in Fortune's glass.

In this rude combat with the fate of man
Thy smile within my heart makes all my strength;
Thy Force in me labours at its grandiose plan,
Indifferent to the Time-snake's crawling length.

No power can slay my soul; it lives in Thee.
Thy presence is my immortality.

20.9.1939

Last Poems

The Guest

I have discovered my deep deathless being;
Rusked by my front of mud, in name, some
It meets the world with an Immortal wing,
A god-spectator of the human scene.

^{No} pain and sorrow of the heart and flesh
Can touch that pure and voiceless sanctuary
Danger and fear, Titus' hounds, slipping their lead
Round body and bone; - the timeless Spirit is free.

Awake, God's ray and witness in my breast,
In the deep dying substance of my soul
Honest, inimitable the almighty Guest.
Death never comes and Destiny takes no toll;

He bears the blow that shatters Nature's house;
Calm is he, formidable, luminous.

1939 September

The Guest

I HAVE discovered my deep deathless being:
Masked by my front of mind, immense, serene
It meets the world with an Immortal's seeing,
A god-spectator of the human scene.

No pain and sorrow of the heart and flesh
Can tread that pure and voiceless sanctuary.
Danger and fear, Fate's hounds, slipping their leash
Rend body and nerve,—the timeless Spirit is free.

Awake, God's ray and witness in my breast,
In the undying substance of my soul
Flamelike, inscrutable the almighty Guest.
Death nearer comes and Destiny takes her toll;

He hears the blows that shatter Nature's house:
Calm sits he, formidable, luminous.

21.9.1939

The Inner Journey

No more and more the Epiphany continues
Affines on Nature's soil ^{the} sovereign night,
My mind has left its prison - cage of brain;
It flares, a luminous sea from spirit heights.

A trumpet of thunder, waiting door of life
Crouched in my heart, to do what the shell bids,
Rising wide wings like a great hippocamp
On which the gods of the upper air ride -

By suns whose golden gates of bliss;
In ecstasy thrills through tend and sound and quiet
Flashing the blind material sheath's dull case:
My innerness awakes to the cell of light.

Native in me one day like this shall sit
Victorious, calm; immortal infinite.

1939 September.

The Inner Sovereign

NOW more and more the Epiphany within
Affirms on Nature's soil His sovereign rights.
My mind has left its prison-camp of brain;
It pours, a luminous sea from spirit heights.

A tranquil splendour, waits my Force of Life
Couched in my heart, to do what He shall bid,
Poising wide wings like a great hippogriff
On which the gods of the empyrean ride.

My senses change into gold gates of bliss;
An ecstasy thrills through touch and sound and sight
Flooding the blind material sheath's dull ease:
My darkness answers to His call of light.

Nature in me one day like Him shall sit
Victorious, calm, immortal, infinite.

22.9.1939

A Dream of surreal scenes

One dreamed and saw a gland with Hamlet, brili
Abel Remond, captive immortality;
A committee of hormones on the Aegea's boulds
Corpsed the Ghid and the Odyssey.

A thyrood, meditating almost nude
Beneath the B- tree, saw the eternal light.
And, rising from his mighty whale,
Sofa of the Whaled eight-fold Salt all night.

A brainy a dosed a strand down
Thundrung King George, anguised, mad and fell,
From St Helena went, perhaps, to Heaven.
They wagged on the surreal world, until
A scimit flegd with claws and blew at
The universe before God had time to shout.

September 25 1939

A Dream of Surreal Science

ONE dreamed and saw a gland write Hamlet, drink
At the Mermaid, capture immortality;
A committee of hormones on the Aegean's brink
Composed the Iliad and the Odyssey.

A thyroid, meditating almost nude
Under the Bo-tree, saw the eternal Light
And, rising from its mighty solitude,
Spoke of the Wheel and eightfold Path all right.

A brain by a disordered stomach driven
Thundered through Europe, conquered, ruled and fell.
From St. Helena went, perhaps, to Heaven.
Thus wagged on the surreal world, until

A scientist played with atoms and blew out
The universe before God had time to shout.

25.9.1939

Bliss of Identity

All Nature is caught in sudden ways to move
All beings are in myself enbroad.
O fiery boundless Heart of ~~joy~~ and love
Thou beating in a mortal breast.

It is Thy raptus flowing through my nerves
Vindall my cells and atrooted with Thee;
My body thy vessel is and only serves
As a living wine-cup of thy ecstasy.

I am ~~the~~ centre of Thy golden light
And I its root and raga's circumference;
How art my soul great luminous and white
And thine my seal and will and glowing base.

Thy spirit's infinite breath I feel in me;
My life is a throbbing of thy eternity.

25.9.36.
21.3.44

Bliss of Identity

ALL Nature is taught in radiant ways to move,
All beings are in myself embraced.
O fiery boundless Heart of joy and love,
How art thou beating in a mortal's breast!

It is Thy rapture flaming through my nerves
And all my cells and atoms thrill with Thee;
My body thy vessel is and only serves
As a living wine-cup of Thy ecstasy.

I am a centre of Thy golden light
And I its vast and vague circumference,
Thou art my soul great, luminous and white
And Thine my mind and will and glowing sense.

Thy spirit's infinite breath I feel in me;
My life is a throb of Thy eternity.

25.9.1938¹

21.3.1944

¹ 25.7.1938 (?)

Last Poems

The Miracle of Birth

I saw my soul a traveller through Time;
From life to life the cosmic way it trod,
Down in the depths and on the heights sublime,
Evolving from the womb into the god.

A spark of the eternal Fire, it came
To build a house in Matter for the Unborn.
The circumambient sailor Night received the flame,
In the bounte seed of things dumb and falorn
Dark stones and straight outlined a gleaming shape
Full o' the stars innum'rate ^{Early morn} kept adorin,
Born to command the Nation in her play
At thinking creatures who can hope and love.

Still by slow steps the miracle goes on,
The Immortal's gradual birth mid vice and stone

1920. September

The Miracle of Birth

I SAW my soul a traveller through Time;
From life to life the cosmic ways it trod,
Obscure in the depths and on the heights sublime,
Evolving from the worm into the god.

A spark of the eternal Fire, it came
To build a house in Matter for the Unborn.
The inconscient sunless Night received the flame,
In the brute seed of things dumb and forlorn

Life stirred and Thought outlined a gleaming shape
Till on the stark inanimate earth could move,
Born to somnambulist Nature in her sleep,
A thinking creature who can hope and love.

Still by slow steps the miracle goes on,
The Immortal's gradual birth mid mire and stone.

27-29.9.1939

The Body

This body which was once my universe,
Is now a pittance carried by the soul; —
Its failing motor bears this weary frame,
Pacing through shadows to a waste goal.

For small was it to meet the great need
That only infinite can satisfy;
He keeps it still, for in the following bed
He, secret, prospect to eternity.

In his front an endless Time and Space deploy
The landscape of their golden happenings;
His heart is filled with sweet and violent joy,
His mind is upon great and distant things.

How grown with all the world's contumacious!
Is the little dweller in this narrow house!

1939 October

The Body

THIS body which was once my universe,
Is now a pittance carried by the soul,—
Its Titan's motion bears this scanty purse,
Pacing through vastness to a vaster goal.

Too small was it to meet the giant need
That only infinitude can satisfy:
He keeps it still, for in the folds is hid
His secret passport to eternity.

In his front an endless Time and Space deploy
The landscape of their golden happenings;
His heart is filled with sweet and violent joy,
His mind is upon great and distant things.

How grown with all the world conterminous
Is the little dweller in this narrow house!

2.10.1939

Lily lion

My mind, my soul grow larger than all Space;
True founders in that vastness, glad and wide.
The body fades, an outline, a dim trace,
A memory in the spirit's solitude.

This universe is a vanishing circumstance
In the glory of a subtle infinity
Beautiful and base for the Immortal's dance,
House-room of my transient felicity.

In the thrilled happy spirit void within
Thought lost in light and vision drowsed in blurs,
Changed into a stillness by divine,
Bey the silent of the Stars' peace.

Life's not the Deafable's dominion;
Nature is silent and the spirit alone.

1939 October

Liberation

MY mind, my soul grow larger than all Space;
Time founders in that vastness glad and nude:
The body fades, an outline, a dim trace,
A memory in the spirit's solitude.

This universe is a vanishing circumstance
In the glory of a white infinity,
Beautiful and bare for the Immortal's dance,
House-room of my immense felicity.

In the thrilled happy giant void within
Thought lost in light and passion drowned in bliss,
Changing into a stillness hyaline,
Obey the edict of the Eternal's peace.

Life's now the Ineffable's dominion;
Nature is ended and the spirit alone.

2-3.10.1939

Last Poems

Light

Light, endless Light! darkness has room no more,
Life's agonist gulps giv' up their wings
The huge incandescent depths unplumbed before
Lie glistening in vast ecstasy.

Light, timeless Light immovable and vast!
The holy sealed mysterious doors unclose.
Light, burning Light from the Infinite's diamond heat
Quivers in my heart where blooms the deathless rose.

Light in its rupture leaping through the zones!
Light, brooding Light! seal smitten passionate ill
In a melting of ecstasy presumes
A living sense of the Indescribable.

I move in an ocean of stupendous Light
Going my depths to His eternal height.

1939 October

Light

LIGHT, endless Light! darkness has room no more.
Life's ignorant gulfs give up their secrecy:
The huge inconscient depths unplumbed before
Lie glimmering in vast expectancy.

Light, timeless Light immutable and apart!
The holy sealed mysterious doors unclose.
Light, burning Light from the Infinite's diamond heart
Quivers in my heart where blooms the deathless rose.

Light in its rapture leaping through the nerves!
Light, brooding Light! each smitten passionate cell
In a mute blaze of ecstasy preserves
A living sense of the Imperishable.

I move in an ocean of stupendous Light
Joining my depths to His eternal height.

3-4.10.1939

Last Poems

The Island Sun

I have sailed the golden ocean
And crossed the silver bar.
I have reached the Sun of knowledge
The earth-self's midnight star.

Its fields of flaming vision,
Its mountains of bare night,
Its peaks of fiery rapids,
Its air of absolute light,

Its seas of self-oblivion,
Its vales of Titan not
Become my soul's dominion,
Its Island of the Blot.

Alone with God and silence,
Lonely it lived in Grief;
Life was the fugue of music,
Thought was Death's ardent rhyme.

The Light was still around me
When I came back to earth
Bringing the Immortal's knowledge
Into man's cage of birth.

October 3, 1939

The Island Sun

I HAVE sailed the golden ocean
And crossed the silver bar;
I have reached the Sun of knowledge
The earth-self's midnight star.

Its fields of flaming vision,
Its mountains of bare might,
Its peaks of fiery rapture,
Its air of absolute light,

Its seas of self-oblivion,
Its vales of Titan rest,
Became my soul's dominion,
Its Island of the Blest.

Alone with God and silence,
Timeless it lived in Time;
Life was His fugue of music,
Thought was Truth's ardent rhyme.

The Light was still around me
When I came back to earth
Bringing the Immortal's knowledge
Into man's cave of birth.

3.10.1939¹

¹ 13.10.1939 (?)

Self

He said "I am egoless, spiritual, free,
Thou see because his desire was not ready.
I asked him why. He said; "It is not me,
But the belly's hungry god who gets unready".
I asked him why. He said, "It is his play.
I am unversed writer, desireless, pure.
I care not what may happen day by day."
I questioned him, "Are you so very sure?"
He answered, "I can understand your doubt:
Not to be free is all. It does not matter
How you say kids ^{and} when ^{and} sage ad short,
Nehya nor over your dead belly.
To be aware of self is liberty.
Self I have got and, having self, am free."

October 15. 1929

Self

HE said, "I am egoless, spiritual, free,"
Then swore because his dinner was not ready.
I asked him why. He said, "It is not me,
But the belly's hungry god who gets unsteady."

I asked him why. He said, "It is his play.
I am unmoved within, desireless, pure.
I care not what may happen day by day."
I questioned him, "Are you so very sure?"

He answered, "I can understand your doubt.
But to be free is all. It does not matter
How you may kick and howl and rage and shout,
Making a row over your daily platter.

To be aware of self is liberty,
Self I have got and, having self, am free."

15.10.1939

The Omnipresent

He is in me, round me, facing everywhere.
Self-willed meagns exclude this right,
I stand open to boundaries and stare
Into the frontiers of the infinite.
Each finite thing I see is a facade;
From its windows looks at me the Immortal.
In man was my prison of separate body made;
His occult presence burns in every cell.
He has become my substance and my breath,
He is my anguish and my ecstasy.
My birth, His eternity's sign, my death
A parage of His immortality.
My dumb boughs are His conceal abode;
My heart's charter lies the unworshipped God.

1929, October

Omnipresence

HE is in me, round me, facing everywhere.
Self-walled in ego to exclude His right,
I stand upon its boundaries and stare
Into the frontiers of the Infinite.

Each finite thing I see is a façade;
From its windows looks at me the Illimitable.
In vain was my prison of separate body made;
His occult presence burns in every cell.

He has become my substance and my breath;
He is my anguish and my ecstasy.
My birth is His eternity's sign, my death
A passage of His immortality.

My dumb abysses are His screened abode;
In my heart's chamber lives the unworshipped God

17.10.1939

Advaria

I walked on the high-waved Seat of Solomon
Where flint-recharged tiny temple stands
Facing a tiny from Seven's edge, or above
On the bare ridge ending earth's vain romance.

Around me was a formless solitude:
If I had become one strange Unnameable,
The unborn sole Reality would rule,
Topless and featureless, for ever still.

If Silence that was Being's only word,
The unknown beginning and the voiceless end
Abolishing all things meant seen or heard,
On an incommemorable summit reigned,
Slowly calm and void undesigning Peace.
On the dumb coast of Nature's mysteries.

October
1939 S. T. S.

Adwaita

I WALKED on the high-wayed Seat of Solomon
Where Shankaracharya's tiny temple stands
Facing Infinity from Time's edge, alone
On the bare ridge ending earth's vain romance.

Around me was a formless solitude:
All had become one strange Unnamable,
An unborn sole Reality world-nude,
Topless and fathomless, for ever still.

A Silence that was Being's only word,
The unknown beginning and the voiceless end
Abolishing all things moment-seen or heard,
On an incommunicable summit reigned,

A lonely Calm and void unchanging Peace
On the dumb crest of Nature's mysteries.

19.10.1939

Last Poems

The Hill-top Temple

After unnumbered steps of a hill-stair
I saw upon earth's head brilliant with sun
The Immortal Goddess in her house of stone
In a loneliness presiding over us.
Wise were the human hands that set her there
Above the world and Time's dominion; ^{else}
The soul of all that lives, acts, feels, ~~and loves~~
Revealed its boundless, half mystic and base.

Our body is an epitome of some vast
That needs to become by our humaness,
In us the most Spirit can indite
A page and summary of the Infinite,
It ends of Eternity expressed
Here in an aged and a sunfaded face.

1939 October

The Hill-top Temple

AFTER unnumbered steps of a hill-stair
I saw upon earth's head brilliant with sun
The immobile Goddess in her house of stone
In a loneliness of meditating air.
Wise were the human hands that set her there
Above the world and Time's dominion;
The Soul of all that lives, calm, pure, alone,
Revealed its boundless self mystic and bare.

Our body is an epitome of some Vast
That masks its presence by our humanness.
In us the secret Spirit can indite
A page and summary of the Infinite,
A nodus of Eternity expressed
Live in an image and a sculptured face.

21.10.1939

Because Thou art all-beauty and all-bliss,
My soul blvd and ennobled years for Thee;
It bears Thy mystic touch in all that is
And thrill with the burden of that ecstasy.

Behind all eyes I meet Thy secret gaze
Ardent each voice I hear Thy magic tune:
Thy sweetness heals my heart through Nature's ways;
Nowhere it beats now from Thy smile immune.

It loves Thy body in all living things;
Thy joy is there in every leaf and stone:
The moments bring Thee on their fairy wings;
Soul's endless ardor thy is Thou alone.

True voyages with Thee upon its prove,
And all thy future's resonant hopes in Thee.

July 15.

BECAUSE Thou art All-beauty and All-bliss,
My soul blind and enamoured yearns for Thee;
It bears Thy mystic touch in all that is
And thrills with the burden of that ecstasy.

Behind all eyes I meet Thy secret gaze
And in each voice I hear Thy magic tune:
Thy sweetness haunts my heart through Nature's ways;
Nowhere it beats now from Thy snare immune.

It loves Thy body in all living things;
Thy joy is there in every leaf and stone:
The moments bring Thee on their fiery wings;
Sight's endless artistry is Thou alone.

Time voyages with Thee upon its prow
And all the future's passionate hope is Thou.

25.10.1939

Last Poems

Each sight is now mortal with Thy blast;
Thy soul through the soft eye-lashes come to see;
A soul is rent and they no more can meet
The visage of Thy world is left empty.

In the ecstasy of vision caught
Each natural object is of Thee apart,
A rapture-symbol from Thy substance wrought,
A form shaped in Beata's living heart,
A nest-work of colour and design,
A mighty swather born on gardeners' wings,
A hundred wonders of significance fine,
Reveals itself for even commonest things.
All forms are Thy dream-dialect of delight,
O Absolute, O mind Infinite.

October 26

Divine Sight

Each sight is now immortal with Thy bliss:
My soul through the rapt eyes has come to see;
A veil is rent and they no more can miss
The miracle of Thy world-epiphany.

Into an ecstasy of vision caught
Each natural object is of Thee a part,
A rapture-symbol from Thy substance wrought,
A poem shaped in Beauty's living heart.

A master-work of colour and design,
A mighty sweetness borne on grandeur's wings;
A burdened wonder of significant line
Reveals itself in even commonest things.

All forms are Thy dream-dialect of delight,
O Absolute, O vivid Infinite.

26.10.1939

The Unseen Infinite

Wise to wisdom on a Nameless peaks
I met no end, for all is boundless. He,
the absolute joy the wide-winged spirit soars,
A light, a Presence, an Eternity.

In the innocent half-clad steps
Are heard the heart-beats of the infinite.
The invisible midnight veils the tresses of gloom,
A fearless sealed astonishment of light.

In His eye that dozzles our vision aye there,
Our half-closed eyes seek fragments of the One;
Only the eyes of Immortality dare
To look unblinded on the living Sun.

Yet are our souls the Daniels' audience,
Comrades and powers and children of the unseen

1939 October

The Unseen Infinite

ARISEN to voiceless unattainable peaks
I meet no end, for all is boundless He,
An absolute joy the wide-winged spirit seeks,
A Might, a Presence, an Eternity.

In the inconscient dreadful dumb Abyss
Are heard the heart-beats of the Infinite.
The insensible midnight veils His trance of bliss,
A fathomless sealed astonishment of Light.

In His ray that dazzles our vision everywhere,
Our half-closed eyes seek fragments of the One:
Only the eyes of Immortality dare
To look unblinded on that living Sun.

Yet are our souls the Immortal's selves within,
Comrades and powers and children of the Unseen.

October 1939

Despair on the Staircase

There stands she, lonely on the topmost stairs,
An image of magnificent desolation;
The splendor of a sombreful sunrise
Dales with largeness of her glorious eyes
In her beauty's dumb magnificence how I find
The tragedy of her mysterious mind.
Yet is she stately, grandiose, full of grace.
A moving mask is her immobile face.
Her tall profile like an unengaged flag,
Its dignity bears not the ^{lyric} ~~any~~ way.
An animal creature, wondrously human,
A charm and miracle of pure poetical Romance,
Whether she is spirit, woman or a cat
Is in the problem I am wondering at.

October 1939.

Despair on the Staircase

MUTE stands she, lonely on the topmost stair,
An image of magnificent despair;
The grandeur of a sorrowful surmise
Wakes in the largeness of her glorious eyes.
In her beauty's dumb significant pose I find
The tragedy of her mysterious mind.
Yet is she stately, grandiose, full of grace.
A musing mask is her immobile face.
Her tail is up like an unconquered flag;
Its dignity knows not the right to wag.
An animal creature wonderfully human,
A charm and miracle of fur-footed Brahman,
Whether she is spirit, woman or a cat,
Is now the problem I am wondering at.

October 1939

Last Poems

Surely I take no more an earthly food
But eat the fruits and plants of Paradise!
For How least changed my senses' habitude
From mortal pleasure to divine surprise.

Flowing ad ngit arrow an ecstasy,
And all the forces of first desire
At sweetest matching in intensity -
(Odor of the crimson navel of the rose).

In every contact's deep inciting thrill,
That looks as if its source were infinity,
I feel thy touch; thy bliss a perishable
Is crowded in that none of delight.

The body burns with thy robes' sacred fire,
Olive, passionate, holy, virgin of desire.

November.

Divine Sense

SURELY I take no more an earthly food
But eat the fruits and plants of Paradise!
For Thou hast changed my sense's habitude
From mortal pleasure to divine surprise.

Hearing and sight are now an ecstasy,
And all the fragrances of earth disclose
A sweetness matching in intensity
Odour of the crimson marvel of the rose.

In every contact's deep invading thrill,
That lasts as if its source were infinite,
I feel Thy touch; Thy bliss imperishable
Is crowded into that moment of delight.

The body burns with Thy rapture's sacred fire,
Pure, passionate, holy, virgin of desire.

1.11.1939

Run, the Depth of Intensity
I am greater than the greatness of the seas
A swift tornado of God-energy:
A helpless fly that quivers in the breeze
I am weaker than the red outbreaks in Gase.

I beguile all the wisdom of the wise
I am more of stupendous Ignorance;
On a flame of rightness I fix my eyes
While I swallow ~~that~~ ^{the} wells of blood ~~in~~ ^{at} Bonhill's lair.
My mind is brilliant like a full moon,
Its darkness is the covered toogbdytes.
I gather long lines' wealth and squander soon;
I am an epitome of opposites.

I bark repeated life death & sleep suspense;
I am a transverse of the structures

Man, The Despot of Contraries

I AM greater than the greatness of the seas
A swift tornado of God-energy:
A helpless flower that quivers in the breeze
I am weaker than the reed one breaks with ease.

I harbour all the wisdom of the wise
In my nature of stupendous Ignorance;
On a flame of righteousness I fix my eyes
While I wallow in sweet sin and join hell's dance.

My mind is brilliant like a full-orbed moon,
Its darkness is the caverned troglodyte's.
I gather long Time's wealth and squander soon;
I am an epitome of opposites.

I with repeated life death's sleep surprise;
I am a transience of the eternities.

29.7.1940

The Children of Notan.

at 1940

"Where is the end of your amoured march, O children of Notan?"

Earth shudders with fear at your tread, the death-flame laughs in your eyes."

"We have seen the sign of Thor and the banner of new creation,
A pool of blood on the soil, a flow of blood in the skies.

We march to make of earth a hell and hell the heavens.

The hosts of mankind we have smitten with the stings of the scorpion's claws;
The rod of God lies bleeding in our black and gold sunsone."

"I hear the cry of a broken world, O children of Notan."

"Question the volcanos when it burns, chide the fire and brimstone!"

"Japping is the food of our strength and torture the bairns of our straits.

We are jubilant, mighty and glad, the gods fear our laughter in human."

Our hearts are heroic and hard; we wear the belt of Orion."

Our will has the edge of the thunderbolt, overacts the laws of the law."

We reign; in the pain we exult as a man in the kiss of a woman."

"Have you seen your fate in the scales of God, O children of Notan,

And the tail of the Dragon lashing the foam in form-off seas."

We work at God, we have silenced the mutter of priests at his altar.

Our leader is master of fate, redum of his mysteries.

We have made the mind a cypher, we have strangled thought with a cord,

Dead now as pity and honour, strength only is Nature's lord.

We build a new world-order; our bonds shant Notan's peace."

We are the javelins of Destiny, we are the children of Notan,

We are the human Peters, the supreme deceivers by the age.

At once of the best and demonsie with the godhead of power and will,

We are born in humanity's sunset, to the Night is our pilgrimage.

On the bodies of perishing nations, mid the cry of the cataclysm coming,

To a frost of bone and shell and the aeroplane's fatal burning,

We march, lit by Youth's deathly fire, to the world's satanic age."

The Children of Wotan (1940)

“WHERE is the end of your armoured march, O children of Wotan?
Earth shudders with fear at your tread, the death-flame laughs in your
eyes.”

“We have seen the sign of Thor and the hammer of new creation,
A seed of blood on the soil, a flower of blood in the skies.
We march to make of earth a hell and call it heaven.
The heart of mankind we have smitten with the whip of the sorrows seven;
The Mother of God lies bleeding in our black and gold sunrise.”

“I hear the cry of a broken world, O children of Wotan.”
“Question the volcano when it burns, chide the fire and bitumen!
Suffering is the food of our strength and torture the bliss of our entrails.
We are pitiless, mighty and glad, the gods fear our laughter inhuman.
Our hearts are heroic and hard; we wear the belt of Orion:
Our will has the edge of the thunderbolt, our acts the claws of the lion.
We rejoice in the pain we create as a man in the kiss of a woman.”

“Have you seen your fate in the scales of God, O children of Wotan,
And the tail of the Dragon lashing the foam in far-off seas?”
“We mock at God, we have silenced the mutter of priests at his altar.
Our leader is master of Fate, medium of her mysteries.
We have made the mind a cypher, we have strangled Thought with a cord;
Dead now are pity and honour, strength only is Nature's lord.
We build a new world-order; our bombs shout Wotan's peace.”

We are the javelins of Destiny, we are the children of Wotan,
We are the human Titans, the supermen dreamed by the sage.
A cross of the beast and demoniac with the godhead of power and will,
We are born in humanity's sunset, to the Night is our pilgrimage.
On the bodies of perishing nations, mid the cry of the cataclysm coming
To a presto of bomb and shell and the aeroplanes' fatal humming,
We march, lit by Truth's death-pyre, to the world's satanic age.”

The Silver Call

There a godhead of unenclosed things,
For which Time is but ^{an} ~~an~~ ^{hurried} ~~hurried~~
~~or~~ ^{near} diligent on the borders;
There ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{near} a nestle of other songs
Calling for the only joy ^{by} ~~for~~ earthly loss.

All eye has, seen and all the ear has heard
In a pale silence by some great voice
And mighty vision; no sweet sound or word
No power of hue that makes the heart to rejoice
Can equal those divine aesthetics.
A third beyond our mind has sole the keen
Of those yet unimagined harmonies,
The fate and privilege of unborn men.
As men throned make the marvel of thrones,
Each with strict distant man to disclose

(93 - 2)
23.3.24

The Silver Call

THERE is a godhead of unrealised things
To which Time's splendid gains are hoarded dross;
A cry seems near, a rustle of silver wings
Calling to heavenly joy by earthly loss.

All eye has seen and all the ear has heard
Is a pale illusion by some greater voice
And mightier vision; no sweet sound or word,
No passion of hues that make the heart rejoice

Can equal these diviner ecstasies.
A Mind beyond our mind has sole the ken
Of those yet unimagined harmonies,
The fate and privilege of unborn men.

As rain-thrashed mire the marvel of the rose,
Earth waits that distant marvel to disclose.

23.3.44

Contracts

What opposes action! A trivial life
Speaks the huge beam of Death called Matter; silence
In its struggle of weakness towards completeness,
A thinking mind starts from the dullthick strife
In the order of the electric elements.
In mortal life bristled in that mortal death,
A mystery of knowledge won by death
Matters! unto sacrifice. Its enveloped aero
Or dim consciousness still bravely reigns
Driving the atoms in their comic course
Whose large and leaping movement scores before
The works of a strange blind omniscience.
The world's deep contracts are but figures upon
Driving the manancy of the One.

Contrasts

WHAT opposites are here! A trivial life
Specks the huge dream of Death called Matter; intense
In its struggle of weakness towards omnipotence,
A thinking mind starts from the unthinking strife
In the order of the electric elements.
 Immortal life breathed in that monstrous death,
 A mystery of Knowledge wore as sheath
Matter's mute nescience. Its enveloped sense
Or dumb somnambulist will obscurely reigns
 Driving the atoms in their cosmic course
 Whose huge unhearing movement serves perforce
The works of a strange blind omniscience.
The world's deep contrasts are but figures spun
Draping the unanimity of the One.

From the *Thinking Book*.

A toiling and in a boundless plan
Shows the enormous insignificance
Of the imperfected cosmos' fine whilomness,
= Cosm, as by accident engendered now.
A creature of his own grey ignorance,
Shows it half shadow and half gleam, a breath
That withers, seizes in a world of death,
To live one lone brief year. Yet his advance,
A flight of the dimly written,
A consciousness in the vicissitudinal Night,
To realize its own supernal Light
Confronts the onthor forces of the unseen.
Aspiring to godhead from miserable clay
He travels slow-footed toward the staid day.

Man the Thinking Animal



A TRIFLING unit in a boundless plan
Amidst the enormous insignificance
Of the unpeopled cosmos' fire-whirl dance,
Earth, as by accident engendered man.

A creature of his own grey ignorance,
A mind half-shadow and half-gleam, a breath
That wrestles, captive in a world of death,
To live some lame brief years. Yet his advance,

Attempt of a divinity within,
A consciousness in the inconscient Night,
To realise its own supernal Light
Confronts the ruthless forces of the Unseen.

Aspiring to godhead from insensible clay
He travels slow-footed towards the eternal day.

6

Evolution

I passed into a silent still abode
And saw as in a mirror crystalline
The ancient & time exceeding deportive
Of the sounding spirals of the aeron road.
Earth was a cradle for the aury god
And never but a he flocked his planuous sign
Of the transition of the world. Omen
From Matter sleep and the time old load
Of ignorant & leaden to the spirits' light.
And elevated auron light's ocean vast
Itself escaped from its gray tortured lair
Is now Matter illumining the great Night.
The soul could feel with infinite ease
Timeless gobbling the heat incandescent.

193- (?)

22.3.44

Evolution

I PASSED into a lucent still abode
And saw as in a mirror crystalline
An ancient Force ascending serpentine
Of the ascending¹ spirals of the aeonic road.
Earth was a cradle for the arriving God
And man but a half-dark half-luminous sign
Of the transition of the veiled Divine
From Matter's sleep and the tormented load
Of ignorant life and death to the Spirit's light.
Mind liberated swam Light's ocean-vast,
And life escaped from its grey tortured line
I saw Matter illumining its parent Night.
The soul could feel into infinity cast,
Timeless God-bliss the heart incarnadine.

22.3.1944

¹ unhasting